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*The* **ELIOT** MARCH  
QUAD SHOW ISSUE ♦ 1942



15c

*Washington University St. Louis, Missouri*



# WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR  
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE  
CIGARETTE FOR ME.  
**EXTRA MILD—**  
AND THERE'S  
SOMETHING SO  
CHEERING ABOUT  
CAMEL'S  
**GRAND  
FLAVOR"**



• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness...but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's *strictly* Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*!

**CAMEL**—THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5**

**EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



# THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

## THE QUAD SHOW

Step right up, folks. Put down your money, and we'll give you a ticket to the time of your life. What, you've never seen the Quad Show? Then you must be a Freshman or a . . . , but we don't talk about that. That's right, it comes but once a year, just like Christmas or your birthday. Never forget Christmas or your birthday, do you? Then don't miss the Quad Show.

Why go to the Quad Show? What's in it—What can you see? Well, brother, if you've seen the picture on the cover of this mag, and still ask a question like that, we don't want to sell you a ticket. If you're that dumb, we wouldn't let you near the place. We might even give you your money back—but don't quote us on that last one. "Quad Show? It's terrific," says Durante. "It's dynamic," whispers Mae West. Confidentially, we think even **Student Life** will like it.

We think you'll like Quad Show because—good or bad—it's 100% Washington U. Even the songs. One of them sounds a little like "**Remember Pearl Harbor**," but it was written by Johnny Murrell considerably before the fatal December 7 (fatal for the Japs, of course). The dancing chorus is sparkled with Muny Opera stars. And the principals—besides Mary Kay—there's Capps and Larry Lynn and Larry's barrel, and Gladys Watkins, and Ed Evans to mention just a few.

Then with such experienced entertainers as Harold Rapp and Jim Owen

heading the production staff, together with Pres. Ceylon Lewis and director Dana Jensen, the show just can't help being a success. But don't take our word for it—you're from Missouri—so see for yourselves.

★ ★ ★

## THEY DID IT AGAIN:

**Student Life**, in a manner less picturesque, but faintly more subtle than that used by our beloved "Stench," succeeded in drawing and quartering **Eliot** for the fifth consecutive time last month. We must admit that we were taken a bit by surprise—a la Pearl Harbor—because, in delivering their blow, our enemy employed both the infiltration attack, and the celebrated Fifth Column. For since Charley French had honored us by graciously helping himself to a free **Eliot**, we had expected the onslaught to come from his direction on Friday. But Friday came, and passed, we relaxed our guard, and lo and behold, the Tuesday issue sneaked out like the wolf in sheep's clothing that it is, and pasted us, poor unsuspecting devils that we are, right between the eyes.

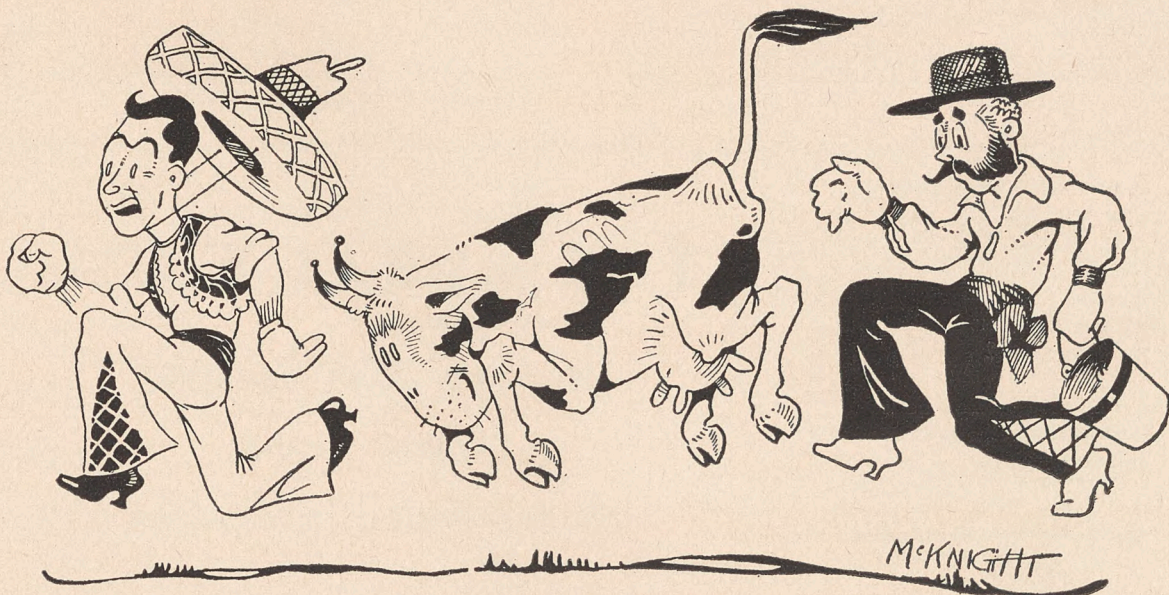
But the thing we really have to admire, was the cunning use of the fifth column, found on page 2, column 1, prior to the Dec. **Eliot**, by our adversary. Who would have thought, but the devil himself, of assigning the pleasant pastime of murdering **Eliot**, to a member of the **Eliot** staff? Congratulations, **Student Life**, we have to hand it to you for that one. That was really all right. But might we offer

a suggestion? It seemed to us, that it might be a good idea to have someone proof-read one of those reviews of yours, for, believe it or not, there were almost as many misspellings, typographical errors, misspelled names, and what have you as Corny Cheinanan found in the whole December **Eliot**.

★ ★ ★

## NOT "ANNEXED"

While we're on the subject of misspelled names, etc., we would like to correct a little error that we ourselves were guilty of. If you recall our delicious little feature of last month—ah, yes, with great pleasure we're sure you'll recall it—that ducky little Love Chart! Well, funny thing happened on that **chart**—a very rare thing we might add—we got someone's name down wrong! Don't see how it could have happened, but it did. We put poor Ted Allen down as annexed. Now we want you all to know, there just isn't a bit of truth in it. It was Bob Allen we meant. Yes sir, Robert Dale Allen, the football player, and not Ted at all, who went and got himself hitched. So there you are, girls, you lost Bob, but you can still get Ted, and when he calls you up for a date, don't get mad and slam down the receiver, for he isn't a married man—no indeed—he's just as single as—as Sam Lambert or Charley French, or for that matter, ourselves. So cheer up, girls.



HE'S GOING TO THE QUAD SHOW



# THIS WAY OUT

*an alphabetical listing of places to go*

## Carl's—718 Washington Ave.

When you're downtown in the afternoon or at the show at night, and want to go to some good place that is handy and thus save the rubber on your tires, you might stop and have a few here. It's cheap, nice and very handy.

## Circle Bar—210 North Eighth

This place also is handy to those of you that happen to be down town in the bright light section. It has a pleasant atmosphere especially for the male stag, although those are few and far between these days. . . .

## Crown Room—Kings Way Hotel

The Crown Room is a very attractive bar. They have fair entertainment, if you don't have to look at them. The prices are moderate and I believe that in the right crowd you could have a very good time here.

## Sid Gates—19 North Brentwood Blvd.

Sid has some ale on tap that is swell. This place has reasonable prices, good drinks, and that college atmosphere that is so sadly lacking at most of our spots. Try Sid's Rathskeller for your private party. IT'S FUN.

## Graham's Grill—7901 Forsythe Ave.

Roy still packs in the college crowd at his dingy, smoky den. The gang seems to like it and keeps coming back for more. Roy just kicked his up to a point that seems a little bit high to most of us, but the gang in general doesn't seem to think so. . . .

## Hoff Brau—Mayflower Hotel

It is worth your while to waste the rubber on your tires to drive down here and have a stein. They keep your pretzel rack full and your glass, too, if you want them to. . . .

## Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman

The Mural Room in our estimation is still THE spot in St. Louis to go to. You can't beat their prices or their food, or their drinks. The Phi's practically live here. Ask Cal East all about it. He, too, thinks its swell.

## Richmond Buffet—7014 Clayton Road

The Richmond is still a nice place to go if you haven't anything better to do. You can have a good time and lose a lot of money on the Pin Ball machine. The Sig's have deserted it practically and the dribble has taken over.

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## Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

Personally we've gotten pretty sick of the Steeplechase. If you insist on going places for your own sake make it a week night.

## Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

If you want to meet the boys from St. Louis University, this is the place to go. You will find them in the bar upstairs. You can eat in the main room or the rathskeller downstairs, or in your car. We advise you to try their toasted cheese sandwich. It is really good.

## Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

If you want to see high collars and thirty-seven inch length coats and all the rest that goes with St. Louis University, then this is the place to go. The food isn't bad and it's always crowded.

## Zodiac—Hotel Chase

This is the hang-out of South American music. If you want that New York architecture, go here. Of course, you pay for all this with fifty-cent highballs. The view is as good as that from Art Hill.

## • M E M O •

Mar.  
12

Out of the Dog-house  
since I took Jane to the  
Mural Room.

P.S.—Look for the  
White Chariot

# THE MURAL ROOM

St. Louis' Most Beautiful

Cocktail Lounge

DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN



# The Eliot

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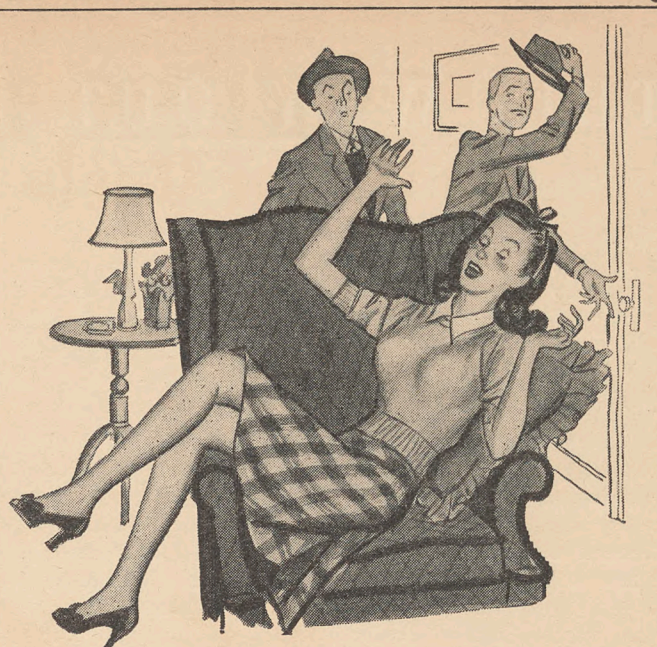
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A sweater girl named Helen Falk  
Thrilled seniors, sophs, and shavers;  
That is, till she began to talk—  
She didn't use LIFE SAVERS!



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking and smoking.

## FREE

### A Box of Life Savers for the best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

### WINNING JOKE FOR MARCH

"Wheresha Kappa Kappa Gamma room?"  
"Damfino. Whinell you wannaknow?"  
"Founda key to the 'dam' door."

By WALTER ALLEN



# GREEK LETTERS

The definition of gossip is "to go about telling idle tales." Those idle tales can only consist of love, marriage, births, and deaths. STUDENT LIFE must remember that our column is censored.

If we turned to the charming prodigies of the school pamphlet for news we'd find such excitement as: Ann Purnell still pinned to Jack Michener; Charlie French still giving Ann Hennigan a break (so he says); Wini Bryan still looking cross eyed to make eyes at Ted Lewis and Dave Hoerner at the same time; Johnny Ramsey still threatening to pin Barbara Wright; Courtney Heineman continuing to be unoriginal dating the same girl for two years. Shall I go on? It'd sound something like this. Betty Rasback versus Charley Bland; Lorian Taylor versus Walter Rohlfing; Patty Dunbar and Bill Rider; Peggy Campbell and Larry Verbog. Sounds something like a list of double matches. But then the young literary folks are hardly original enough to have any shootings or exciting triangles.

Well, let's come up to date. It's March, 1942, and love trots along.

The Kappa pledges along with the fourteen new initiates gave a big party for the actives, presenting twenty-five new records to the chapter. The pledges got a big "bang" out of making Patty Mansfield and Army Warmber consume a truly potent concoction by means of a "coke" bottle and a nipple . . . awfully hard on one's dignity.

If you want to hear a good story just ask Jo Ellen Kidd why she held her breath during the entire Alpha Chi dance. She's hardly one to go zipping around all over the place.

Because of a misprint in the ELIOT last month it was printed that Ted Allen was married to Ginny Baum. **The** Allen should have been Bob. For weeks afterwards every time Ted would call a girl up for a date, she'd accuse him of polygamus tendencies.

The T K E chapter has just given their annual fathers and sons' banquet. Each member was to bring his own father or one of his professors. Jim Owen turned up with Jean Bradshaw's father and Sandy Snyderman with Mr. Neher. It kinda looks as if they had jumped the gun.

After two engagement parties on the same day—Ted Young and Doreen Dunwoody, and Barbara Chives and Sam Murphy—every time a Theta is invited to a party, she walks up to the hostess and says "well!"

After wading through the treacherous depths of the state bar exam, the lawyers wired to Dean McLean saying, "Battered, bruised and bloody, but not beaten. See you Friday." No telling what happened Thursday. While the rats are away, they sure do play.

Again Joe Marting was the goat. This time at the dinner dance. Everyone angelically stood at his place. Don't let that fool you—all were anticipating Joe's entrance. Joe, realizing that again he had the foot lights, but little knowing why, carried off his grand entrance in style. Imagine Big Joe's surprise when he found at his place a high chair and all.

The T K Es were all prepared to give a big record dance last Saturday afternoon to christen the new radio victrola. When the boys and their dates arrived "the

room was empty, vic was gone." The boys swore that back payments had nothing to do with the removal; the machine just needed repairing.

There's a new stag club at Washington for all pinned widowers. Every time a pinned boy wants a date now, he has to make it at least a month in advance. With Civilian Defense going on, its every girl's duty to aid her country and keep the soldier boys happy. Just call up a Scott Field boy; he'll tell you how your best girl is.

The Alpha Xi's are still confused. At the Christmas cozy June Schwarting, right half of the Schwarting twins, announced her engagement to Tom Smith. Jean Schwarting and Patty May went around teasing everybody about it, because they had known for months. Then all of a sudden they were just as surprised as the rest of the chapter—June announced that she had been secretly married September 18th out of town. So now she's all set up in housekeeping and thinks it's wonderful.

Jack Darnton has an incentive for all those baskets he snags. Marge Adderly hasn't missed a game yet. And it doesn't just happen by chance that Jack spends all his afternoons in Ridgley now.

Kenny "Give 'em all a break" Hundelt, Theta Xi, asked a very pretty little girl to his big fraternity dance. The day before the big event, Ken gave out cigars to announce his pinning to another girl and ended up taking still another . . . proving that the best way is to have "a bird in hand and two in the bush."

Herby Keller, Sigma Nu, was high point man on the Theta Xi team. Herb, not having played ball for quite a while, became excited and tried to sink a ball on the wrong side of the floor. First time anyone ever heard of the Sigma Nus trying to lend a helping hand to another fraternity.

Big Public Pardon! If the girl that thought Bob Moehle stood her up last Saturday night would please call CA 9929 and ask for Bob, he'd be glad to take her out not once but twice just to show his good will, etc. Bob was unaware of his mistake, and frankly we suspect a fraternity brother of a little cupid work.

Quote from roll call of Professor Lippencott's class:

"Are there two of you?"

"No,, just one of us!"

Again actives were entertained. This time the Tri Delta pledges did the honors consisting of a night club party in the sorority room. **Frat songs** were sung while Mrs. Bartlet was visiting.

If the STUDENT LIFE wants some good talent, they should come down to the ELIOT office, if they can find it. At least we can say more than who wore what when.

---

Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I've come to bury Caesar not to praise him." The other was in Cleopatra's tent at midnight: "I didn't come to talk."

—Notre Dame Juggler



# THE CHORUS CONCERT

By MARY JANE WALDEMER

STUDENT LIFE called the sixty-first annual concert of the Washington University Chorus its debut and maybe they weren't far wrong because it was the debut for the chorus under the direction of Charles Galloway. An audience of over six hundred people which heard the annual concert of the chorus at the Hotel Jefferson on February 21 was thoroughly pleased with the chorus and its program.

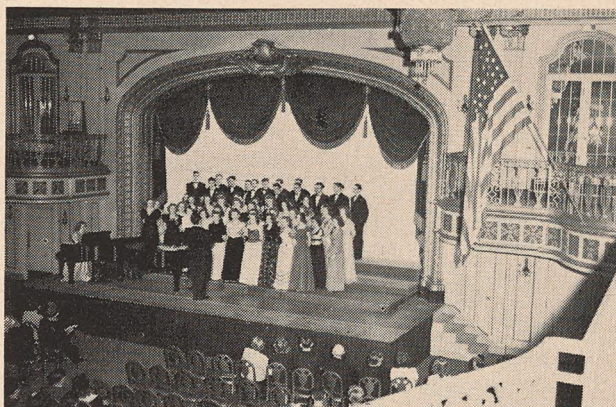
Variety might be called the key to the program which consisted of Back chorales, Czecho-Slovakia folk songs, Tschaikowsky melodies, and American novelties. Such a program pleased everybody and kept interest at a high pitch. Further diversity was brought about by having the men and women sing groups of songs alone and by featuring soloists in several numbers.

The chorus of fifty-seven members looked quite festive in their many colored evening dresses and sleek tuxedos. They sang in the lovely Gold Room of the Jefferson and after the concert they had a dance in the Ivory Room with Gene Babbitt's Orchestra supplying the music.

The first group of songs was religious in character and displayed some lovely sustained singing by the chorus. Bach's "Come, Soothing Death" and the Cruger-Miller "Now Thank We All Our God" were sung without accompaniment and a beautiful effect was achieved. The answering back and forth of parts in the fugue-motet of the latter was done very well and a fine climax was reached.

The second group included spirited folk songs from Czecho-Slovakia, Palestine, and Russia. Jean Fitch and Ed Evans did their solos well in "Waters Ripple and Flow." The whole group had beautiful shading in the "Palestinian Laborers' Chant" and caught the Russian spirit in the fast and furious "Trepak" by Tschaikowsky.

The men sang one group alone which included the rich and mellow "Faune, Nympharun" from Horace's odes. The two sea chants were most effective; maybe because the boys could catch the nautical spirit better than the Roman. In the lively one about a drunken sailor that no one knew what to do with the boys really caught the swing of it and made you feel you were sailing over the waves.



The women sang a nice group which included a tender prayer and the "Gold and Silver Waltz." They were most appealing, however, in the coquettish "My Johann" which is about a girl who "simply can't resist him."

In the last group the entire group sang the gay and youthful "Happy Song" and the ridiculous "Musical Trust" which has everything in it from "Old Zip Coon" to "Dixie" plus many intricate gestures. This had to be repeated before the audience would stop clapping.

Then came the beautiful "Listen to the Lambs." The group showed much feeling and skill in this lovely spiritual and succeeded in deeply affecting their audience. The program ended with the thrilling and triumphant "Immortal Song" and of course the "Alma Mater".

The entire group is to be commended for its fine work and much credit goes to director Galloway who has really done wonders with the chorus. The attacks and releases were very good and the group is excellent in sustained passages. Outstanding were the contrasts achieved in shading. The chorus is by no means perfect but is very good and will be more worthy of Washington's pride every year.

Seth Greiner, St. Louis pianist, was soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Pop Concert on March 1. He played the Cesar Franck "Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra" whose haunting melody has been a favorite with music lovers for many years. Mr. Greiner gave a mature and beautiful performance marked by poise and sincerity. No showing or exaggeration but sheer beauty and subtle phrasing.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Greiner is the staff pianist at KMOX and spends much of his time playing jazz and arranging for jazz orchestras. He has studied seventeen years with Leo C. Miller and three times won the Rudolf Ganz scholarships. At seventeen he toured as accompanist for Richard Crooks. His versatility is remarkable for he not only plays jazz like an Eddy Duchin but he knows all the major concertos.

One of the outstanding music events of the season was the appearance of Rudolf Serkin as soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra playing the Schumann **Concerto in A Minor**. Serkin's beautiful tone was a revelation. Though not a brilliant concerto, this one is filled with lovely melodies and romantic freshness and youth. Serkin's performance was characterized by subtlety of phrasing and the ease with which he handled technical difficulties.

The Parnassus Music Club will have a record concert at four o'clock March 18 in Brown Lounge. Franck's **Symphony in D Minor** is to be featured. Dr. Bateman Edwards, head of the Romance Language Department, will be piano soloist at the April meeting.

---

"Do they have any restrictions at your university?"

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Don't get caught."

---



## We Present...

### A KAPPA IN THE Y

If you find chorus rehearsals are monopolizing the time you had set aside for Quad Shop relaxation, or selling Elliots gets you out of bed too early, remember that one of your extra-curricular activities may lead to a hidden talent which you didn't know existed.

Barbara Miller, a senior and a member of Kappa, was busily majoring in Interior Architecture, when she discovered the Campus Y. No Byrd-to-North-Pole discovery was this because she knew it had been here all the time but from the position of a mildly interested freshman working behind a booth in the bazaar she rose to the position of Secretary of the Y Cabinet, and she now plans to continue Y work as a career. You can say that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind but in Barbara's case, it was the inspiration that she received from some of the outstanding members of this large association when she attended various assemblies that roused her enthusiasm. Now, believe it or not, following graduation from the Art and Archeology course, she plans to burn the midnight oil at night school absorbing Psychology and Sociology prerequisites for this field.

While waiting to finish this part of her schooling she hasn't let any grass grow under her feet. As Secretary, she indulges in meticulous minute taking and managing the membership, publicity, Freshman Club and Group Service committees of the Y. Also this year she officiated as general booth chairman for the annual bazaar, a job which found her last summer exploring the recesses of importing shops in New York for suitable goods. Just back from the recent Y convention of the State of Missouri held at Columbia, she is organizing an old-fashioned box supper party to be held on the campus, the proceeds from which will go to aid students in China through the World Students Service Fund. Another item on her list is the Easter Egg Roll for underprivileged children which the Y sponsors.

She inhabits the small office behind the Chapel, a small, dark-haired vivacious girl who will gladly talk you into belonging to the Y; if you're interested, go to see her.

### PATTY SCHUYLER

Patty Schuyler, the author of the feature on men in this issue, is a vivacious little Theta fershman, who is interested in—and, by the way, very clever at—writing.

She graduated from Blewitt High School last year, and expects to major in English and possibly math at Washington U.

Her activities right now are Eliot, Student Life, Thyrsus, and riflery—and she is interested in music and all sports.

When asked what she expected to do after she graduates, she said she didn't know—with the war as it is. She thought she might go into radio work, since she has had experience in that line.

Patty is slight, blonde, and blue-eyed—and yes, you may have wondered, Dolly is her sister.

### MARILYN SCHOWENGERDT

Marilyn Schowengerdt is a senior in the college, who is very much interested in journalism and writing. She attended Stephens College her first two years, coming to Washington when she was a junior.

She has written some of the best features in Mr. McClure's journalism class this year, she has written a lot for Student Life, and has contributed several features to Eliot. She is a Delta Gamma.

It must run in the Schowengerdt family to be gifted in English, for many of us have been in some of the classes of her aunt, who teaches at Webster High. Wherever she gets it, Marilyn can write very well, and we predict that she will go far.

### LULA LOO OF HAWAII

For the three days following December 7, Lula tried to cable her family. One day soon after that, she was accosted in the street by a mildly fanatical female who said to her, "You ought to be interned!" Much of her life has been changed, many of her plans upset, since Miss Lula Loo, social work graduate student from Hawaii, first heard the news of the Pearl Harbor attack. But Lula tries to avoid worrying about her family, which is still in Honolulu and is determined to stay there. In spite of cases of mistaken nationality like the above and the difficulties of getting information from family and friends under rigorous conditions of censorship, the Chinese girl is still her calm, good-looking self, hard at work on her master's thesis. She expects to graduate in June. After that—she doesn't know. She had planned to return to Honolulu for social service work, but last week the situation had altered. "I don't think I'd like to spend four and a half days on the ocean at this time," she said.

Lula Loo is as much an American as anyone on the campus, having gone to American schools and lived in the thoroughly American environment of Honolulu. Many of us on the continent, she says, think of Hawaii consisting principally of palm trees, pineapple juice, surf-boards, and saronged natives. Every school on the island is the fact that there is no ocean around here to swim in.

Frequently Lula Loo's family would drive out to Pearl Harbor, sometimes for a pleasant afternoon in the country (Pearl Harbor is about 15 miles from Honolulu, and is therefore comparatively "country"). Today things have changed, but this small, attractive Chinese girl is a walking example of what they call "civilian morale."

"Meet Your Friends"

... at ...

**GRAHAM'S GRILL**

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9855 MANCHESTER

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CAbany 9367

for Lunches  
Dinners

**BAKERIES**

and Old Fashioned Baked Goods

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## FROM THIS TIME ON

## THE CLOCKS BETRAYED HER

By PATRICIA MOONEY

I nearly went mad when I read the letter. Tom was dead. Killed in action.

I remember I was washing dishes when I heard the mailman's ring. I went to the door humming **Scatterbrain**. I had been thinking of Tom and me deciding we had fallen in love to its tune one night on a dance floor. Tom had mentioned that night in his last letter. When I opened the door of the apartment I was still humming. I was happy because Tom had also said that he was to be transferred back to the United States to instruct at Randolph Field, and I was wondering what Texas and army life would be like. I stopped humming though. I knew what had happened when I saw the official looking envelope on top. I stopped humming and stared. The picture is as clear in my mind as if I were looking on. He handed me the letters. I stared at my name with the address underneath it. It stared back at me. Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, seeming still odd with the Kennedy, the same way it had looked on packages that arrived after we had been married. Then there was some one saying "Thank you." The voice sounded dull ringing in my ears as I closed the door and opened the envelope. It was my own voice I guess. The message inside the envelope was terse, businesslike, "I regret to inform you that Thomas Pembroke Kennedy, First Lieutenant, United States Army Air Force, was killed in action Monday, December 8, at Pearl Harbor.

With deep sympathy,  
Frank Conley, Secretary of War."

I folded it carefully and set the silver letter knife from Aunt Caroline on it as I laid it on the table. Why didn't I use that to open it, I thought. Then I lowered myself stiffly into the green chair that Tom and I had bought at Lammer's because it was big enough for both of us to sit in before the fire, and waited for something to happen. Why don't I faint, why not scream, I wondered. But I didn't. I just sat there dully, not moving, while the ache that I had kept hidden inside somewhere since Tom had sailed grew and grew until the room filled with it, and a deep chasm opened in front of me. It was loneliness. I felt lonely then. I am lonely now. I will always be lonely.

The telephone rang. It seemed strange, that walk to the hall, and stranger to say "Hello" when I lifted the receiver.

"Sally," someone said. "Mother Kennedy just called; we'll be over right away. Don't do anything till we get there, dear."

"All right, Mom," I said.

Everyone was very nice. They looked at me, pitying, then looked away. The memorial service was short, the way Tom had asked me to have it, with a violinist. I think they all wondered why I didn't cry. I wondered myself, but I was waiting for Tom to come in the church late the way he always did and sit down beside me. My thoughts were scattered, twisted, out of control. I remember once going to a fortune teller with Alice. We

laughed all the way down. The fortune teller was a dark woman with bright eyes. She was wearing a rather shabby black dress. What I remembered particularly was what she said just as we were leaving. She followed us into a little hall. At your age you probably want to hear about love," she mocked. Then, turning to Alice, with a more serious tone she said, "You will love easily as you have lived," but when she turned to me, she said, "And you will love with your soul in your eyes." "Oh, Sally's not serious," Alice objected. "She's always laughing."

"But we must know how to cry before we can laugh," the fortune teller replied, looking at me over Alice's head. When we left Alice and I had a wonderful time deciding how I would look with my soul in my eyes. I tried to achieve the effect, but Alice said I just looked sick. We laughed all the way home, too. Alice was there at the service. I wondered if she was thinking about the fortune teller and knew she was wondering how she would feel if anything should happen to Joe. They hadn't been married yet.

Afterwards for the next couple of weeks, friends kept calling me, asking me here and there, trying to keep me from thinking about Tom. I didn't think much at all. There were times like when I woke up in the morning, and was not quite awake, felt then how nice it would be when he got back and we moved to Texas, but slowly a shadow would outline itself at the edge of my thoughts, spreading until the ache recalled itself. The blackness surged through me again, and I waked completely.

One day Alice called and asked me to come over for bridge and tea. I caught myself remembering absently how Tom loathed the game. Her father came home while we were talking over the tea pot.

"How are you getting along, Sally?" he asked me.

"Quite well, thank you," I answered. He laid his hand on mine. He was a kindly old man.

"Time heals all wounds, my dear," he said and nodding to us all went upstairs.

Time,, I thought, time! I looked at my watch, followed the hand plodding its way to the hour. Suddenly the ache flashed inside me, blinded me where I sat. As it ebbed I saw the grandfather's clock. It's hands were larger than the ones on my watch but they seemed so weak, so ineffectual, so hopeless to be trying to bridge the distance between life and death. They moved like snails. They're not even trying, I thought and I was angry, furious. I picked up my tea cup and threw it with all my force right at them. There was a sound of shattering glass and china, then quiet. I felt everyone looking at me and quickly away again. Alice put her hand on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Al," I said.

"Of course, dear," she said quietly. "Let me take you home. You'll feel better if you rest."

After Alice had left the apartment to get my mother



I got out of bed and took my watch off. Then I gathered all the clocks in the apartment together and stuffed them in the bottom drawer of Tom's bureau. "You can't laugh at me there," I said.

But when I got back to bed I could still hear them ticking, so I got up and taking my hairbrush, hammered at each one again and again until it stopped its ineffectual measuring. I was asleep when Alice and Mother returned and I suppose they didn't notice that the clocks were gone. At least they didn't say anything. No one who came afterward did either.

A week or so later I was downtown with Mother Kennedy. We were walking into Vandervoort's and I looked up at the big clock on the corner of Ninth and Locust out of habit.

"They just stand still," I said. "They don't move at all. It will go on forever. They are laughing at me. A joke!"

"What dear?" she asked.

"The hands of the clock," I said. "Time has stopped. But I can laugh too, I can see the joke." And I stood and laughed and laughed until a crowd gathered and Mother Kennedy asked a policeman to help us get home. At the apartment, Mother Kennedy went to call my mother.

"Sally's not well." I heard her say, "Dr. Carroll, Ann?"

I laughed harder and went to the bottom drawer of Tom's bureau. I dumped all the clocks on the floor.

"You can't laugh at me any more. But I can laugh at you," I screamed, and kicked them and stomped on them. When Dr. Carroll came he gave me some medicine, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up Mother was packing my clothes.

"What are you doing that for," I asked, and as she turned around I saw that she had been crying.

"We think you need a little trip," she said. "We're going out to the country to stay for a while. You'll like that, won't you?"

We stayed there for a while and I noticed mother trying to keep timepieces away from me. But there was a sundial in the old garden imbedded in the grass that she didn't know about. That part of the garden had been neglected so when I found the sundial the first day I was able to keep her away from it afterward. But whenever she was busy or I could get away I would go and stand so that my shadow covered the marker and I would laugh. Once it crept beyond me. I was furious, furious as I had been at the grandfather clock. I screamed and tried to pull the big iron hand away from the cement. I tore at it with my fingers until they were bleeding, screaming and laughing all the time.

Later, they brought me here. It is quiet. The rooms are white. There are nurses. It would be nice but there are no clocks. I want a clock. Just a little clock. I will crush it to bits and grind my teeth on the hands. I will go mad if they don't bring me one.

On these lazy spring afternoons  
what better  
than to walk your one and only  
down to the friendly

**SHERMAN DRUGS**

360 N. SKINKER

CAbany 8728

After a lovely evening, a trio of business men started to bid a beautiful celebrity good night.

"Just a moment, where are you from?" asked the gorgeous girl of the first of the trio."

"I am from the East, madam," he replied.

"Very well, you may kiss my left hand." She turned to the second fellow. "And where are you from?"

"I am from the West," he declared enthusiastically.

"Then kiss my right hand," she said, and now she turned to the third one. "And where are you from?"

"Ah refuse to answer, ma'am," came the reply in a rich Southern drawl.

Gamma Phi: "Do you shrink from kissing?"

Theta: "No, if I did, I'd be nothing but skin and bones.

—Varieties.

Sig Nu: "Is this a picture of your fiancée?"

Beta: "Yes."

Sig Nu: "She must be very rich."

—Varieties.

"Why did you take so much time in saying goodbye to that fellow?"

"But, Mother, if a guy takes you to a movie the least you can do is kiss him good night."

"I thought you went to the International Casino."

"Yes, Mother."

Magician (sawing a woman in half): "Now, ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college, and the rest will be thrown to the dogs."

Gallery Gang: "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

Too many of our young engineers are spending their time tinkering with misses in their motors.

Director: "Now, in the third act you drink yourself to death."

Bob: "When do we start rehearsing?"

—The Pup.

My room-mate inquires

About my sweetheart, Bess:

He asked me: "Is she a nice girl?"

And I answered, "Moraleless."

Hubby: "Doesn't my new love technique awaken something in you?"

Wifey: "Yes, it arouses my suspicions."

T. Xi: "May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

A. Chi: "I'm not experienced."

T. Xi: "You're not home yet."

OR DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE BETTER? I DO!

College Boy: "Do you pet?"

Co-ed: "That's **my** business!"

College Boy: "Thank God, a professional at last."

## SID GATES' BUFFET

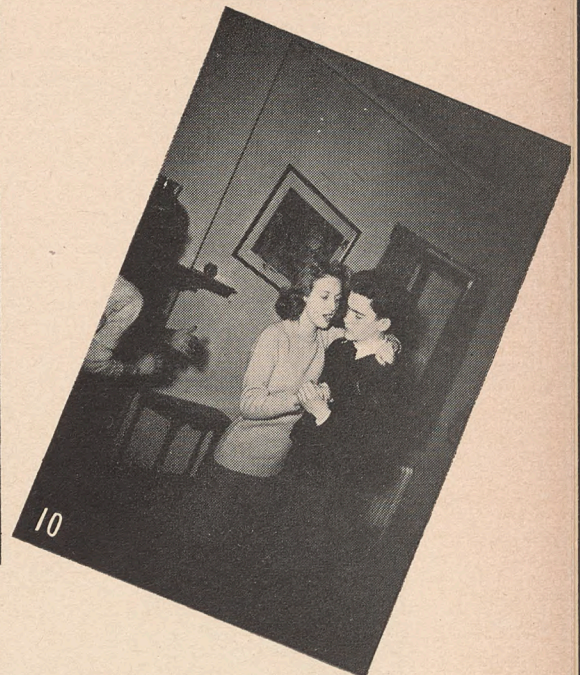
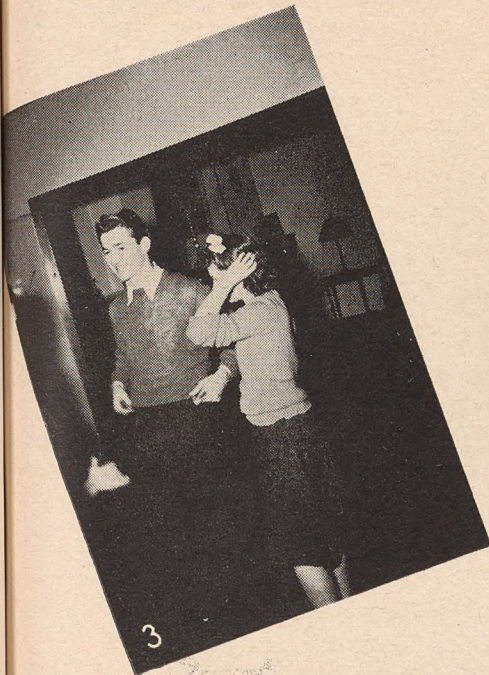
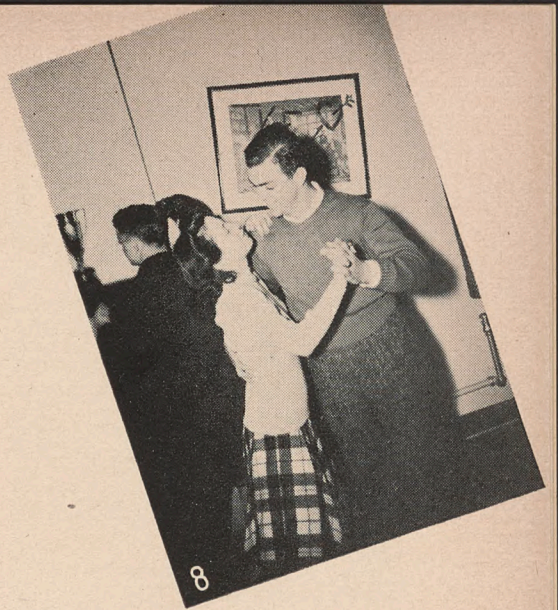
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"Come In and Meet the Gang"

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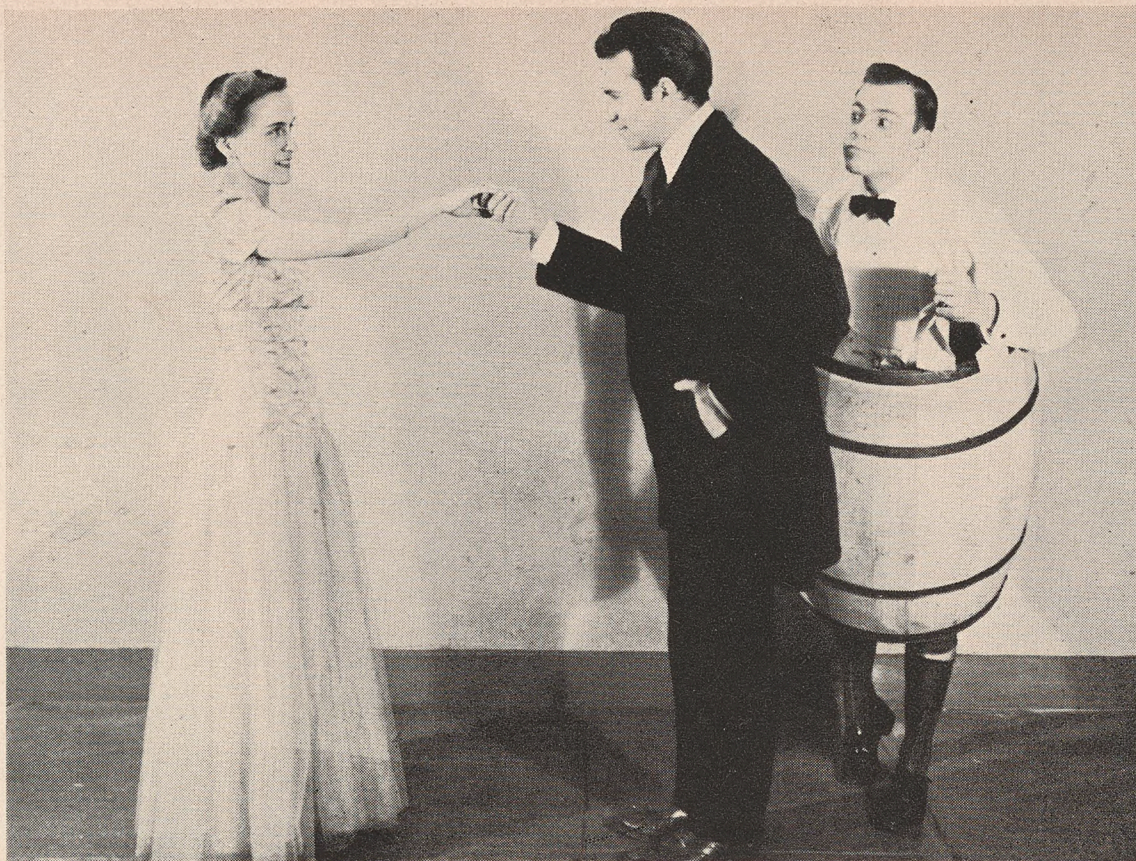
CLAYTON





(1) Houston Kirk and Susan Gassman. (2) Bob Moehle and Jean Hausman. (3) Lee Allen and Date. (4) Sandy and Mary Ann. (5) The Littlefield twins. (6) Editors Williams and Lambert with Marge and Nancy Sue. (7) Harold Clark gives out with some melody. (8) Jim Owen and Elaine Andrews. (9) The camera catches Mother Lake by surprise. (10) Lee Edwards taking it in from Virginia Frauenthal.





"Quiet—this is a rehearsal," the clear voice of Percy Ramsey, director of Quad Show, brings another rehearsal into order. Although the general order and quiet at the rehearsals of so large a cast are striking, the din of bridge games, bull sessions, and Quad Show business sometimes competes with the progress of the show.

"Shore Leave," the 1942 Quad Show, which was written by June Stumpe and Homer Bowman in collaboration, is a colorful, fast-moving musical comedy dealing in spicy South American señoritas, roisterous U. S. sailors on shore leave, and brain-twisting romantic mixups. The scene is the South American town of Magonga, where the crew of a U. S. ship is on leave, and a group of man-hunting American debutantes is on the loose. The Americans and the Magongans—including a couple of scheming opera singers—run into a lot of jams, but as the yarn runs on, everything is solved—as usual—and everybody marries the right one.



"Shore Leave," which was originally entitled "Swingesta," is a happy-go-lucky story, and the whole cast seems to have a lot of fun working on it. Angelo Oliveri, one of the three "stooges"—the Chamber of Commerce of Magonga—probably gets a bigger kick out of the show than anyone else in the cast. His part calls for a slap-happy good humor, but he keeps it right up even when off-stage. He is known among the principals as the knock-rummy fiend—or expert—as the case may be.

Patty Mansfield, who plays the part of Mrs. Gravytrane—the wife of the American ambassador to Magonga—keeps all the players in the best of spirits. She has a good word for everyone, and when she is not on stage, she is busily working on her needlepoint. By the way, most of the cast—including Ken Capps and Angelo Oliveri in particular—have contributed to that needlepoint.

Patty was up to her old tricks at a rehearsal the other night. She wanted to give Percy, as the director is affectionately called, a jolt. She painted big red lipstick marks on Harold Thomas' face, and had him miss cue and rush in for his lines a little late and all out of breath. Everyone gave Thomas a sly sideways look, and all remarked that **they** knew why he missed his cue—but the original purpose of the trick was lost—Percy didn't catch on.

Gladys Watkins—who plays the role of a scheming soprano—seems to get a lot of good hard studying

done between her appearances. The other night when some other principals were jitterbugging on stage, Gladys suddenly thrust aside her notebook, jumped up, and joined in the rhythm from the sidelines. By the way, don't miss her song and dance at the end—"Lady Gojiva."

Harry Cheshire is another one of the principals who seems to get a big kick out of the rehearsals. He eases into his appearances and out of them as though it took no effort at all—true Cheshire fashion. Pappy plays the part of a smooth young sailor, who spends half of his time and money getting engaged and the other half getting free again. He plays the part very well, as you may imagine.



Lynette Tooley does a quick change in the story from a severe Vassar student in horn-rimmed glasses and flat-heeled shoes, to a slinky, sophisticated charmer. Having become accustomed to Lynette's sweater and skirt, the cast was amazed to see her

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# QUAD SHOW PERSONALITIES

By PEGGY JANE STOECKER

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and Lynette sang, "I'm Concentrating on You" with all the feeling of the part.

The Quad Show cast this year has to be a pretty sturdy lot, the way they all jump on each other, etc. Larry Lynn, in one scene, runs all the way to the center of the stage and leaps hysterically upon Ken Capps. Dottie Scheu is carried about in a dance number, and Mary Jo Zuccherio is carried high in the air all the way to the center stage by a group of dancing chorus boys—and Ken Capps was



dropped by some boys who tried to carry him in one of the scenes. They're a tough lot—the Quad Show cast—they have to be.

The dancing chorus is probably the most colorful part of the cast at the rehearsals. The girls all wear very abbreviated costumes—usually of bright colors. (Often these were bathing suits originally.)

At one of the rehearsals Dottie Scheu wore a white dance costume trimmed with a wide red satin ribbon. Betty Moline had on a tan blouse with a green and white polka dot jumper. Mary Liz Banks' costume was of a large-figured blue and white material. Florence Dooley wore a costume of light green pique. The whole dancing chorus is a strikingly colorful contrast to the usual sweater and skirt attire worn by the rest of the cast at the rehearsals.

A story of the Quad Show rehearsals would not be complete without the mention of Mrs. Jensen—who might be called "Mother" of the show. Mrs. Jensen is always calm in moments of distress, and besides all the other things she does, she certainly keeps up the morale of the cast. At one rehearsal someone in difficulty rushed up between lines with a breathless—"Have you a needle, Mrs. Jensen?" At moments like these she always comes through to the rescue.

Such staff notables as Bob Brereton,



Harold Rapp, and Ceylon Lewis drift in and out as the rehearsals progress. As everyone knows, Percy Ramsey is the director; Mrs. Jensen, the faculty supervisor; Stan Frederickson, song director; Lalla Bauman, dance director; Norman Falkenhainer, orchestra director; and Al Margolin, publicity manager.

The cast has had a wonderful time making the show—and we know you'll have as much fun seeing "Shore Leave"—the 1942 Quad Show. It is alive with rollicking good humor, bewitching Latin music, and the fiery, hot tamale spirit of old South America. Don't miss it!





# SPRING IS HERE AGAIN

## A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—

by Marilyn Schowengerdt

## AND A YOUNG WOMAN'S

by Patty Schuyler

Every Washington U. man has an ideal girl; an imaginary co-ed who waltzes around in his dreams doing the things he thinks she should and saying the things he dictates. With this supreme example in mind he ankles around the quad searching for a girl to fit his catalogue of "musts". The average Washington U. man doesn't want a living human being, a flesh and blood companion with a few natural faults—he wants an impossibility; a beautiful, perfect impossibility all his own.

Listen to what he wants for "his girl," this average college man; not a campus leader, not a football star, but just an average college man like the engineer you meet every day in his lab overalls or the ROTC cadet whose uniform should belong to someone else or the guy in the library who goes to sleep every morning at 10:30.

First of all he wants her to be good looking—she has to stack up pretty well or she's out of the question. He thinks he's being generous by saying she doesn't have to be beautiful; not beautiful, no but darn close to it. She has to be a girl the boys on the corner will whistle at; yet she must be pretty in a refined way so Mother and rich old Aunt Victoria will approve. She must dress suitably for all occasions and yet never fuss over clothes. She must not be too tall, nor too small; she can't be plump and by all means not skinny. Her lips must invite, and her hair must shine. Her eyes must sparkle and yet they must be secretive, mysterious and dreamy. (Brown are the best to sparkle and blue are the dreamy kind—you figure it out). Her features must be cute-elf-like to suit her playful moods when he'd like to call her "Monkey Face" and yet they should be exquisite, queenly in the moonlight. Her hands must be white and the fingers long and tapering; yet they must not be lazy useless hands but strong and capable.

She must be intelligent yet often have to have him explain things to her. She must make good grades yet always be free to coke and smoke with him or give him a date any week night. She must be well versed on all subjects, yet anxious to learn when he feels like expounding on one or more. She must be a brilliant conversationalist yet sit for hours without interrupting him. She must be a dependable critic of people; yet think he's absolutely, or pretty nearly, perfect. She must be a fair judge in all arguments; yet always take his part against others. She must cheer him up when he's melancholy, and be gay when he's gay, quiet when he wants to meditate, romantic when he gives the cue. She must not be wishy-washy, must have a mind of her own; yet always agree with him.

"His girl" must be witty but never have heard the joke he's about to tell and never, never follow it with a better one. She must be able to sing, dance, act—in short, expert in any art he admires. She has to be feminine and at the same time an all-around athlete. She must always be willing to play a round of golf with him, giving him interesting competition, but never come back with a lower score.

She must be a leader in activities and yet devote all her time to him (the average college man—remember?) She must be the belle of all balls; yet he wants to dance with her all evening himself. She must be the center of attention at all parties except when he feels like being the main attraction in which case she is to fade gracefully into a becoming background for him. She must get around plenty, but love frequent parlor dates with him. She must be used to nice things yet never be a drain on his allowance.

All men must idolize her but he (our average college man, no less) must never have to worry about her accepting their attentions. They envy him because she has eyes only for him. She must be completely and unquestionably his, but in turn she never is possessive. She is naturally jealous of him but never goes into tantrums when he dates other girls. He is always able to make her understand—anything—anytime.

These, and doubtless countless more, are the qualities the average college man wants in "his girl." We used to think it was something to "see a dream walking" now she has to talk, act and look just the way he decrees before today's average college man is satisfied!

## THE PERFECT MALE ANIMAL

At one time or another, all females conjure up the image of the perfect male animal. Fortunately, these images are not all alike. If they were, how many poor, unmarried men there would be in this world! I, being a female,, have conjured up the image of my perfect male animal. In this conception, there are certain physical and mental qualifications which must be filled by the applicant for him to qualify—as far as I am concerned, you must understand. These characteristics are all important. However, some are preferable but not necessary.

Some of the preferred characteristics concern physical appearance. The color of his hair may be blonde, red or brown, although at present I prefer it blonde. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. His shoulders should be well developed and his chest should be manly. His legs should wear blue jeans with as much finesse as they do the most beautifully tailored grey flannels. The height of this male is not very important—just so he is tall enough to dance with comfortably. His hands must be strong, clean, and "virile." Now that I have discussed the male from head to foot I shall continue with his accomplishments, before I give all blond males inferiority complexes.

The accomplishments of this perfect male animal are also desirable but not necessary. He should be able to dance well, and, pleasing God, he should rhumba. I am so tired of trying to teach poor clumsy males the simple intricacies of rhumba-ing. It would be nice if he could play the piano, but unfortunately this is just a wistful wish as too few men are so accomplished. Of course, several sports should be included in his reper-

(Continued on page 19, col. 1)



# THE ACCIDENT

## THE DAY-DREAMER MISSES THE BUS

By SID GOLDSTEIN

Life, like a fella once said, is funny. Yes, life is funny I guess, but it's fun, too. And one of the reasons it is so much fun is found in the fact that there isn't anyone in the whole world who can tell you just what's going to happen next. Nobody knows what will happen, and that's what gives that extra zest, that extra spice, to life. I like to make little experiments. I like to say to myself, "Well, here it is April. Spring is here. It's mid-afternoon. What's going to happen now?" And then I take a guess at what will happen. And then I take another guess as to how much each little thing that happens means to every person nearby, and I'm usually wrong on both guesses.

On this particular afternoon in the early spring I was standing on a street corner, leaning against a lamp post. I was waiting for a bus, but it was so pleasant there on the corner that I had already allowed two busses to pass. It was spring, and I was in no hurry. I stood there, leaning against the lamp post and watched the world go by. Well, let's say that I was watching a small part of the world go by. From where I stood I could look up a hill and see my house at the top of it. The street was lined with trees all the way up to the top, and the top of my house looked nice showing through the budding trees. The street on which the bus traveled was much busier than the quiet little street where my house stood. On the busier street there was a filling station that sold Fire Chief gasoline, and across the way from it there was a grocery store. It was a typical grocery store but the thing I most liked about it was that it was clean, and the man who owned it was very friendly.

You ought to try leaning against one of those concrete lamp posts on a quiet spring afternoon in a neighborhood that doesn't have many buildings over one story high. You can watch a part of the world go by and think. I was thinking, or rather I was trying to guess at what would happen next. I looked all around me, but everything seemed to be immune to change. There was a nest in a tree across the street. I watched the birds flying in and out of it. They all seemed to have something to do or some place to go, but they seemed to know that there was plenty of time. One of the birds perched itself on a telephone wire that ran through the top of the tree. It swung slowly back and forth, preening and singing. It chirped a deep, throaty song, and I began to whistle *Perfidia*. When it heard me whistle the bird sang louder, and at times I imagined that we both hit the same note. We were both enjoying the spring. I gave up trying to guess what would happen. Nothing could happen. It would always be like this. Spring. A bird on a telephone wire. A nest in a tree. My house at the top of the hill. I read once that cows sleep standing up.

A few automobiles passed, stirring the air and pushing a gentle breeze in my direction. The cars traveled pretty fast down the busier street, but there was a stop sign at the bottom of the hill my house was on, and cars traveling at right angles to the busier street always

stopped before they crossed. It was a safe corner. Safe enough. Not many cars came down the hill, because there weren't many houses up that way. Those that did come down it stopped at the busier street and waited until there were no cars coming and then went across. That afternoon all of the cars that had come down the hill had come down slowly. The sun was about an hour away from the horizon, and I decided to take the next bus.

I saw a car coming down the hill. It was one of those convertibles. It was red, and it had a black cloth top, and it came down the hill fast. It was a new car, and it had good brakes, but the fellow driving it wasn't going to stop at the busier street. There was a girl in the car, too, sitting next to the fellow who was driving it. At the same time a car was coming along the busy street. It was going pretty fast, too, and it was an old car. It didn't look as though it had very good brakes. There was just one man in the old car. They both came on, not seeing one another, and not slowing down any. I could see them both, and it didn't take much thinking for me to guess what would happen next if one of them didn't slow down. And neither of them slowed down.

The man in the old car saw the red one streak out in front of him and he jammed on his brakes. But he had an old car, and his brakes weren't so good. So he smacked into the convertible on the side the young girl was sitting on. He must have smacked it pretty hard, because the convertible turned over twice and leaned against my lamp post. I had moved out of the way because I could guess what was going to happen. The old car was bashed in, in front, and the man driving it sat there with a queer expression on his face and the motor in his lap. The cloth top on the convertible was smashed flat, and I had a hard time getting the door open so that I could get those two people out. The filling station man ran over and both of us together pulled them out. The man who ran the grocery store went back inside and called the hospital and told them to send an ambulance. People began to collect from nowhere, and I helped the policemen who had driven up in a squad car keep them back. After more officers drove up I took a better look at the boy and girl lying in the street. They were bleeding. The boy was sitting with his leg twisted under him, holding his side and crying like a baby. The girl just lay there. Her face was so smeared with blood that I couldn't tell whether she was pretty or not. But she had on a pretty blue hat that looked like one of those hats that the Swiss mountaineers wear. She was either unconscious or dead.

The man in the old car was sitting on the curb. His nose was pushed flat against his face, and there was blood coming out of his mouth. He had his hands folded across his stomach, and there was blood on his hands. I gave him my handkerchief, and he tried to smile his thanks. But he couldn't. I guessed that his jaw was broken. He gave up trying to stop the blood from coming out of his mouth and offered me my handker-



chief. I waved my hand and told him that it was all right; he could keep it. It was a linen handkerchief, but it was drenched in blood.

The ambulance came and took the three people away. The doctor who came with the ambulance said that it looked bad for the man in the old car and for the girl in the new one. The boy was badly hurt, but he only seemed to have external injuries. I think that's the term they used for it in the papers. The girl died before they could get her to the hospital, and I never did find out what became of the older man. The police walked through the crowd and asked if anyone had seen the accident. Somebody said that I had been on the corner, but I had told the policeman that I hadn't been looking, and that I didn't realize what was happening until I heard the crash. He believed me. Anyway, he didn't want me as a witness. I couldn't see much sense in helping to put the blame on one or the other. That's the way I look at it now. At the time, I guess, I was just afraid to say that I had seen everything that happened. I didn't tell them that I had guessed at what would happen even before it did.

I let another bus pass while I was watching the tow trucks take the cars away. The filling station man got a broom and brushed the glass out of the street into the sewer while I went into his station and washed the blood off my hands. There were two or three spots on my pants cuffs, but I guessed that they would come out when I had the pants cleaned. They needed cleaning anyway. The filling station man and I talked over the whole accident, and while we were talking I let another bus pass. He said that it was a shame what had happened to those three people but what could they expect when they drove so fast. And I said yes, that was so, and I asked him if he had noticed the convertible and he said yes he had. He thought it was a nice looking car, and I said that it certainly was but it wouldn't be good for much more than junk now, and he agreed. The filling station man is an agreeable fellow and my father always buys gas from him and I do too when I get the car. An automobile drove into the station and I went back across the street and leaned against the lamp post. It was scratched where the red car with the black top had toppled against it.

The sun was just ducking behind the roof of my house on the top of the hill and it was a big red ball now. I could look at it for minutes at a time without even blinking my eyes, but when I turned my head away I could still see that big red ball dancing in front of me. The bird was still sitting on the telephone wire and it was still singing, but I hadn't noticed whether or not it had left and come back or whether it had just stayed there. I began to whistle *Perfidia* again, and the bird chirped louder. Another bird came out of the nest and flew up next to the first one. I could see them up there, close together, outlined against the red sky in the west.

People were beginning to go out for their evening rides and I watched the tires of the automobiles erase the blood from the black asphalt. In a few more days it would be erased completely, and a few days after that the people in the neighborhood would forget the accident. I began to think of where I would go Saturday night and whether or not I ought to go to the art museum or play handball Sunday afternoon. I wondered if cows really do go to sleep standing up. On a

nice spring afternoon in a nice quiet neighborhood, I think I could. I could stand against a lamp post and watch a small part of the world go by and try to guess what would happen, even if something did happen, it would only be a ripple in the great stream of humanity that flows onward and onward. It's funny how people forget things that don't directly concern them. I could see another bus coming, and this time I got on.

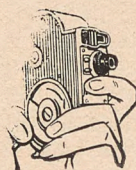
#### DID YOU KNOW THAT:

... Japan wants to buy our glass bottom boats at Catalina so the Emperor can review his fleet.

... A sign in a San Francisco store reads: "I'd rather have a hundred Japanese customers than one American." Yep, you guessed it, it was an undertaking establishment.

A friend of ours was out driving with his girl recently when she thoughtfully blurted that she had a method whereby all the money for national defense could be raised by a single tax. "How?" he asked. "Why not put a tax on sex?" she said seriously. Greatly shocked by either her frankness or just the proposal itself, he gathered his wits and said: "No, that's impossible, there already is an amusement tax."

Chestnut 7020



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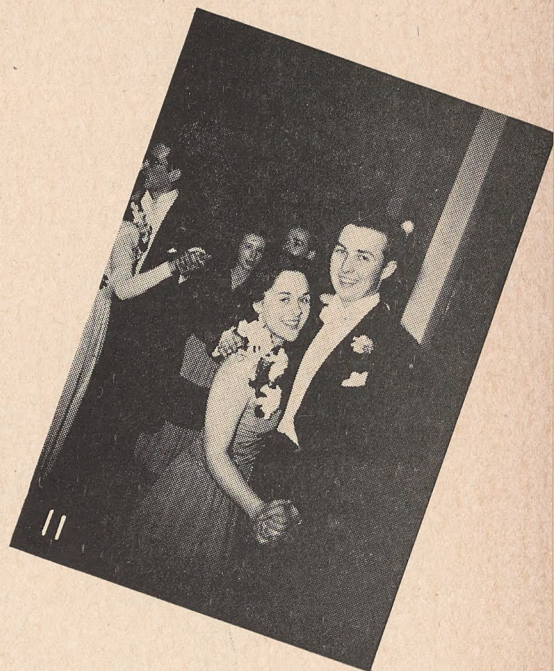
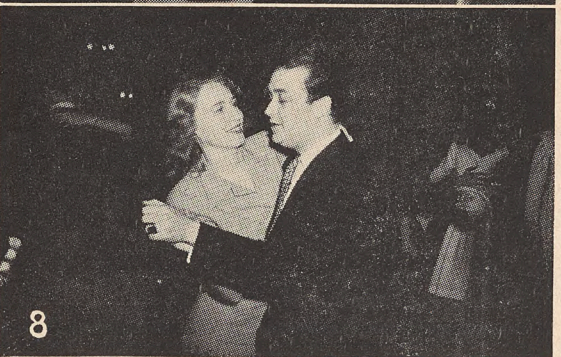
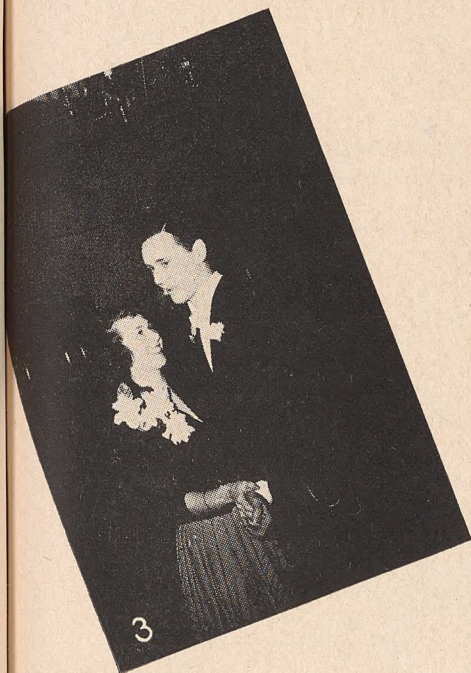
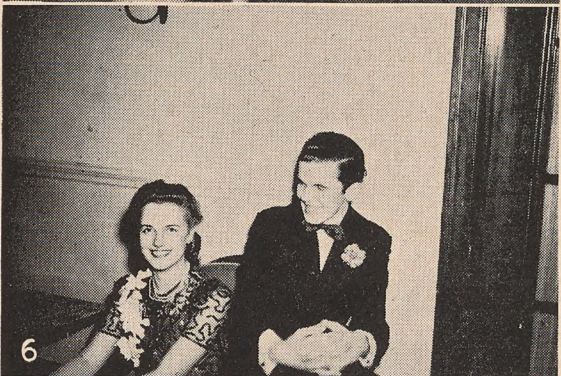
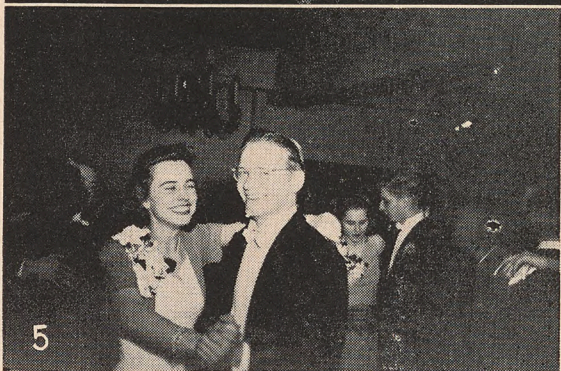
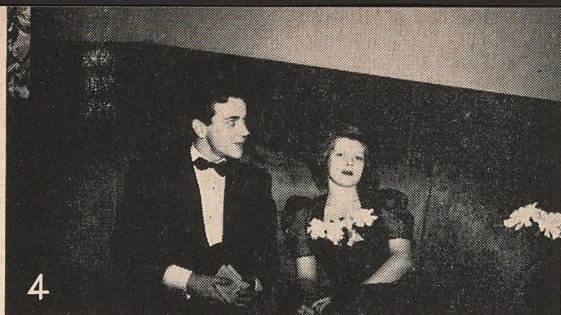
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**1109 LOCUST STREET**

**PAT PARRIS**

*Photographer*





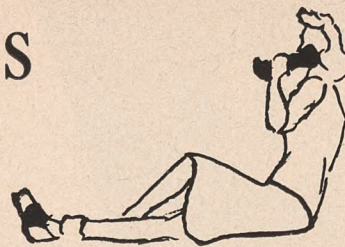
(1) Bob Rhoads and Pat Wolf. (2) Bette Stupp looking around for Bill while Jim stands in. (3) Charlie French with his one and only (4) Jim Hickey and Jean. (5) Barnes cheering Trampe up. (6) The Gorm watches Spoor. (7) Weber and Army. (8) Inky smiles at Decker's smooth talk. (9) Wendell Bode with his Alton sweetie. (10) Looks like a conga. (11) Graves and Anita Stanza.





## BETWEEN BELLES

### WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



Spring seems to be coming in like a lion, with some of the better-known social lions beginning their annual ravages. Chief Lion MacLean seems to have taken the lead, choosing Betty Thompson as his lamb. We don't know where that will put Bill Pufalt, unless he can be classed as chief wolf.

Paul Kummer has entered the running in the Mary Jane Parks league. From a purely objective point of view, it appears that he's gaining the lead, but it's only by a nose, for Clark Garrison is the newest entry, with ten dates lined up in the future.

Frieda Wolken, Gamma Phi Beta, is really taking that first aid course with a vengeance, due possibly to one or two things—one, her profound interest in Civilian Defense work, or, two, her profound interest, in Al Thurloy, down at Medical School.

Dottie Frier's exuberance on February 26 was all because it was the fifth anniversary of her off-again, on-again romance with Bob Eck, Rolla. At present, it's on-again, and besides his Pi K A pin, her most prized possession is his treasurer's key.

"Dartmouth's in town again—Run, girls, run." It's Gloria Elsner that's running (but not too fast) with Gerry Peterson, Sig Chi in pursuit.

That dark cloud of gloom hanging over Bette Knodel's face is because Al, her soldier-boy, has been sent to gosh-only-knows-where, probably, according to Bette, on the other side of Timbuctoo.

Florence Dooley received the most amazing corsage of the year, for the Theta Xi dance. It was so heavy that it simply made her shoulders lopsided. Her date evidently wanted her to have something more permanent than cut flowers; so he sent her a plant with a dogshaped flowerpot and all the fixings.

We've heard that the girls really take the swimming meet to heart, but we thought the rivalry was between sororities, not within them. Feeling was intense in the cork race, but it was at its highest pitch when the Gamma Phi's needed just one more cork. Helen McDowell, in her anxiety to put her chosen group in the lead, was battling with May Ruester to gain the prized possession. Helen ended with the cork, but only after biting May to force her into giving up the fight.

Mary Ann Leeman, Gamma Phi's newest pledge, has wasted little time in finding someone to anchor her interest on, the anchoree being Bud Beckmann of the Sigma Nu clan.

Another of the newer developments on the campus is that of Gracie Dellert and Joe Marting, whose silly patter is enough to keep the sharpest of us going in circles.

And who do you suppose was the cause of May Ruester's missing two of her cues in Quad Show rehearsal—the finger of suspicion points at Don Juan Reid Ross.

It's only conventional that there is a rumored pinning at all times. Come on, Meletio, don't give us that Mul-larkey about it's being sent to the laundry; unless, of course, Peggy Rider has made a new economic venture, such as, perhaps, opening a laundry?

Maybe Joe Peterson will rate a sweater from Jimmy Otto instead of socks by next Christmas, what with Gene Pennington out of the field. Well, Joe, they say patience is a virtue, so hang on!

The most drastic step (in evidence) of this month was that taken by Barbara Lee Ellis, Kappa, who is now sporting a Phi Psi pin, hailing from Purdue.

In last month's issue, Ken Thomassen, KA, and Jean Martin, Alpha Chi, were classified as cleared for action. Well, the action really took place, and Jean is now the proud possessor of Ken's KA pin.

Sid Ashen-Brenner's photographic eyes have settled on Jean Meyers. Maybe they're set for a time exposure.

We just can't seem to pin the Beta's down any more as to whom they're dating—the question is now who aren't they dating? It's been rumored, however, that they're just waiting for next year's crop—of freshmen.

Ann Gamble has the nicest relatives. For the past two weeks her "cousin," who was a Theta, she claims, has been sending her orchids . . . Wow—I wish I had a cousin.

Billy Herbert, the little devil, is up to his old tricks again. This time the unsuspecting victim was Bill Millinger, who, on a bet, asked Marianna Taussig for a date . . . Imagine his surprise when he found she was pinned. The gleeful gleam in Herbert's eye just keeps popping up when he thinks of the smooth way he cleaned up this time.

"Crickett" is now a child of divorce. Sounds silly doesn't it but it's only that Naomi Zwilling and the lad at Med School have had a parting of the ways. And if you don't know who Crickett is by now . . . well, we're not going to tell.

"Say It With Flowers"

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When Huston Kirk brought Janice Lee Hiltz to the TKE house not long ago, he heard the wolves howl . . . Doug Proctor and Harold Clark are doing their best to see that Janice comes to the house more often.

After waiting for her date for sometime in the lobby of the Women's building, Shirlee Krome was rather surprised to see him walk out of the phone booth . . . where, he tried to explain, he had been trying to call her for a half hour . . . some explanation.

The Teke's gave Johnny Murrell a farewell party . . . Phil Webb was also to be honored but he was sick at home. Both are leaving school to join the Army Air Corps.

The new K. A. initiates couldn't wait to get their own pins to give their gals . . . so they just asked the actives if they could borrow a few of their pins (that is, the actives who still have their pins) and the epidemic was on. Jean Martin and Kenny Townsend, Bill Baird and Mary Withington, Joe Caffell and Effie Mae Aubuchon, Kenny Pickard and Jane Rudder. "Johnny" Townsend, Alpha Chi, and E. J. Bartos, have caught the fever, too . . . They haven't reached the crisis yet, but we suspect the pinning in the near future.

Dee Naylor, Pi Phi, came back from Dartmouth proudly displaying Ed Spiegel's Phi Delt pin. Her courage wasn't even daunted when she stepped off the train to find unsuspecting Harold Gilbert waiting to take her home. After telling her about the pin, he took her home all right . . . straight home . . . and not a word was spoken.

"Murch" Jolley simply won't give the bleeding hearts of Washington's belles any balm to soothe their wounds, for he's settled down to Olive Rall of Monticello.

Jack Hunstein can't forget his old Alma Mater . . . limiting it of course to the Women's Building where he is and probably always will be seen hanging out . . . Nowadays he's waiting for Patty Schuyler.

It isn't news anymore, but in case you haven't heard, Doris Hartman has finally taken Peyton Gaunt's Beta pin. Shirley Settle, another D.G., is sporting John Lewis' S.A.E. pin. Two couples we missed on our love chart last month who are now reported on maneuvers are Janet Spratte with Sandy Tuthill, Pi K.A., and Lois Socker and Elwyn Eberhardt.

Olive Sears has announced her engagement to Lewis Vollmer. The government will soon be after Jean Fuller for hoarding metal. She's got enough Army and Navy pins to make a bomber!

First Father: "Has your son's college education proved helpful in your business?"

Second Father: Oh, yes, whenever we have a conference we let him mix the cocktails.

From life's book of tears and laughter  
I have gained this little bit of lore—  
I'd rather have a morning after  
Than never had a night before.

She stroked my hair! she held my hand;  
The lights were dim and low.  
She raised her eyes with sweet surprise,  
And softly whispered, "No."

Bettye: "I said some very foolish things to Bill last night."

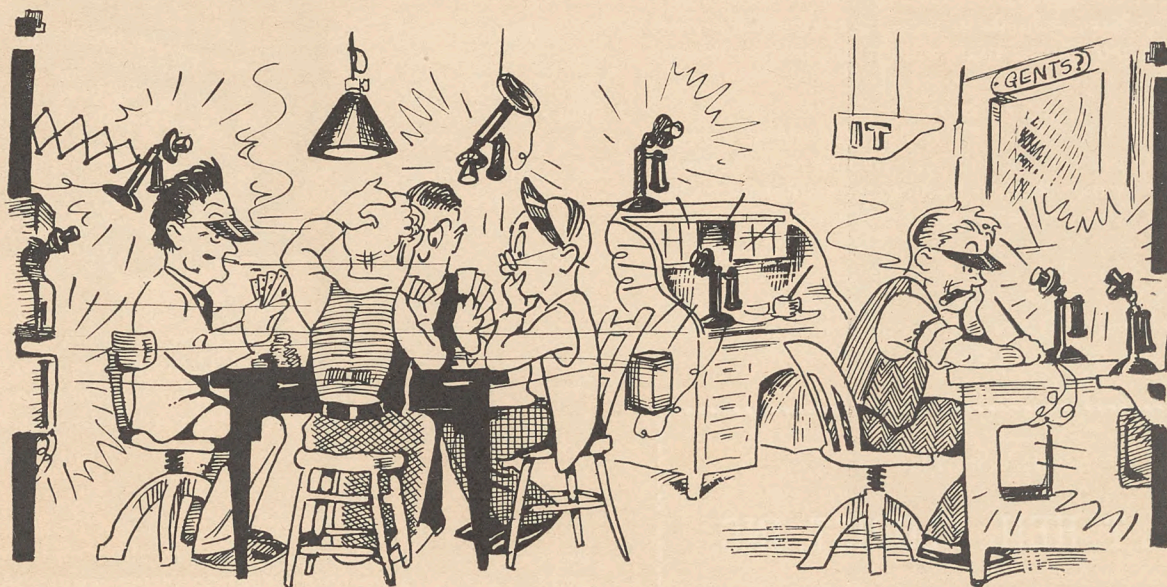
Mae: "Yes?"

Bettye: "That was one of them."

She: "You can't talk about my friend like that. As a dancer she's one of the best. Why, she's famous all over the country."

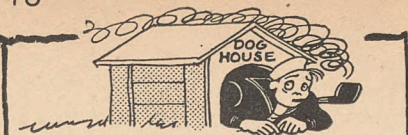
He: "Just what does her fame rest on?"

She: "The same thing she does."



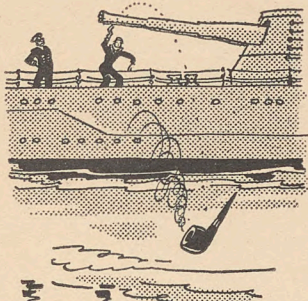
A Newspaper Office, NOT the STUDENT LIFE Office



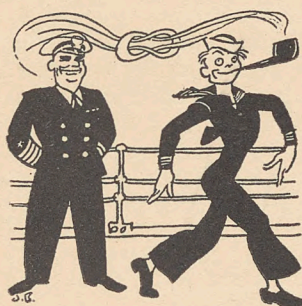


## SAILOR SMEDLEY'S PIPE WAS DEADLY

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



"SMELLS LIKE A DEAD WHALE!" roared the Captain. "Heave it overboard! The Navy likes mild and fragrant tobacco for pipes. Try Sir Walter Raleigh."



NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain by switching to this mildest, mellow blend of finest burleys. Try a tin!

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## Towers and Town

### THE JUNIOR PROM

If you are interested in hearing anything **more** about the Junior Prom we suggest you pick up **any** issue of Student Life where you will be certain to find the whole matter very thoroughly discussed. If you want to "get straightened out" on last year's Junior Prom, we refer you to Corny Cheinaman's column, **It Says Here**. Our Paper is to be commended for the very complete way that they are covering this controversial topic both in their news and editorial columns. Incidentally, we never go to sleep while reading about the Junior Prom in **Student Life**; well, hardly ever.

\* \* \*

### THE COVER

Pat Parris' camera catches Mary Kay Wood, Quad Show principal, in the act of flirting with two other Quad Show principals, Harry Cheshire and Bob Huette. Cheshire is the sailor boy who appears impressed by what he sees. He ought to know better, but it looks like he's whistling. Huette is the gentleman who is raising his eyeglass, the better to take it all in. We had a lot of fun making the picture, and hope that you like it too.

\* \* \*

### SABOTAGE

Believe it or not, we actually had a picture of a Phi Delt in our picture section, but unfortunately, the proof fell into the hands of a Sig Alph on the way to the engraver. This Sig Alph was enraged at the appearance of one of the Phis on the page monopolized by his brothers and proceeded to tear it out. Never mind, Phis, all you have to do to get a full page of Phi Delt pictures in the next **Eliot** is to invite the Editor to your dance. If you don't want him, don't worry about that because the chances are that he'll be too busy to come anyway.

\* \* \*

### THE BAR EXAM

The senior class of the law school went to Jefferson City on George Washington's birthday to take the Bar Exam. Professor Arno Bect went along with them but not as a chaperon. Charlie Reed sent a telegram to Dean McClain to inform him of the classes' resolution not to attend school the following day. However, Prof. Carnahan was not at all disturbed by the one-day strike, for he proceeded to hold class as usual in spite of the fact that his class was not there to hear him.

## Records

"Well, it's good to see you again," bubbled Mary Jane Monnig as we walked down those steps at "As You Like It." "Have you heard **Jersey Bounce**?"

Of course we hadn't because it was so hot off the Press that it's still steaming. Well, we listened and bounced with it and now dub it Goodman's new version of "Zaggin' With Zig." And we like it. The other side of this B. G. on Okeh is his **String of Pearls**.

Dorsey is back in his old swing again with "**What Is This Thing Called Love?**" Connie Haines vocalizes a bit when Rich and Ziggy Elman swing it our royally.

Are you on a Miller Kick? If so, sit out a session with **Story of a Starry Night**. He's grooved it at last and it's backed with **Skylark**, Hoagy Carmichael's latest. Eberle soothes sweet syrup on both, guys and gals. Just to prove that swing is here to stay Glen made **Chip Off the Old Block**. That sounds like a Woody Herman namesake, doesn't it? But that lad has forsaken the cats lately and is sawing out shavings like **I'll Remember April**, **Foiled**, **You Can't Hold a Dream in Your Arms**. And he's joined up with Bing Crosby for a chorus or two of **Deep In the Heart of Texas**. But that rec doesn't equal Alvino Rey's of the same name backed by **I Said No**.

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# The Perfect Male Animal

(Continued from page 12)

toire—one or two of which are new to me. This is fairly important as it increases the feeling of superiority in the male, and of fragility in the female. This completes the characteristics of the perfect male animal which are "preferred but not necessary."

Now to discuss the "very important requirement." First and foremost, he must be "really nice". There are different stages of being "nice"; these are "nice", "very nice", and "really nice". Of course, "really nice" is the highest in degree, and the most desirable, although the other two will do in a pinch. This thing of being "nice" seems very abstract, but it is easily recognized. When a girl meets a boy, she can tell immediately whether he is "nice" or not. The higher degrees are conferred on further acquaintance. "Nice" means **savoir-faire** and **savoir-vivre**. It means having tact and address, knowing what to do and what to say. It means having good manners and knowing how to live. It also means the ability to appreciate the fine things in life—music, art, poetry, and literature. Being "nice" is so important, that after much thought and consideration, I have decided to make it the one big requirement. Allow me, however, to make clear the fact that, unfortunately, niceness can not be acquired except in a few isolated cases. Even a college education will not grant it with a diploma. But, fortunately, everyone is nice in his own little way. Whether one thinks a person is nice or not depends entirely on the variety of niceness the individual prefers.

Perhaps you are thinking that no male as I have described could ever exist except on Mount Olympus or in a college-freshman's imagination. Perhaps you are saying that such a young god could only be found in Valhalla, that such a person belongs in the tales of Greek mythology. Well, perhaps.

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's gate):  
"C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out."  
—Lehigh Burr

Husband: "I should think you would be ashamed to show your face in that outfit."

Wife: "Don't worry, darling—nobody will look at my face."  
—Frvol

Bill: "I'd like something new to please my wife."

Jack: "Here's my name and address."

Remember Her at Easter —

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Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I got taut a lot in college after all.

"You say the boy who took you to the Prom last night doesn't know how to neck?"

"Didn't, darling, didn't."

Irate Father—"Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?"

Dubious Youth—"Now that I've seen her in the daylight, I sort of wonder myself."

In Psychology class the other morning, the instructor carefully explained that if the chromosomes line up in an "XY" position, the child would be a boy. If they lined up in an "XX" setup, the offspring would be a girl. He turned to someone in the front row who seemed a little puzzled. "Do you understand it?" "Yes, sir." "Well then, repeat it." "It means," said the student, "that if the chromosomes line up in an 'XX' position, the parents have been double-crossed."

Roger: "Do you think Ellen is true to me?"

Alec: "Of course. Don't worry about that, old man. F'r instance, last night she asked me not to kiss her on the lips, because that was your favorite place."

—Varieties

Kappa: "Why did you marry such a homely man?"

Pi Phi: "He asked me."

Tri Delt: "My sweetheart lost all his money."

D. G.: "I'll bet you're sorry for him?"

Tri Delt: "Yes, he'll miss me."

A kiss is a peculiar proposition;  
Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two.  
The small boy gets it for nothing,  
The old man has to buy it.  
It's the baby's right, the lover's privilege,  
The hypocrite's mask.  
To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope;  
To an old maid, charity.

Early to bed and early to rise,  
Your gal goes out with other guys.

Proctor: "Were you copying his paper?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

She's the kind of a you girl  
this! like at look

College Boy: "Do you pet?"

Co-ed: "Sure—animals."

College Boy: "Go ahead then, I'll be the goat."

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"



# WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE CLUB

Presents its

Twenty-fourth Annual Production

# SHORE LEAVE

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book by June Stumpe, '43; Homer Bohlman, '42

Music by Angelo Oliveri, '43; John Murrell, '43; Stanley Fredriksen, '35.

March 12, 13, 14,  
1942

UNIVERSITY CITY HIGH SCHOOL

University City

## THE PRIZE WINNERS

The book of "Shore Leave" by June Stumpe, '43; Homer Bohlman, '42.

"Gallantry for Gobs" ..... by John Murrell, '43  
"Dos Aguardientes" ..... by Angelo Oliveri, '43  
"Cape Dance" ..... by Angelo Oliveri, '43  
"Come to the Fiesta" ..... by John Murrell, '43  
"In Magonga They Conga" ..... by John Murrell, '43  
"Concentratin' on You" ..... by Angelo Oliveri, '43  
"Officer's Song" ..... by Angelo Oliveri, '43  
"From Frisco to Pearl Harbor" ..... by John Murrell, '43  
"The Triple Threat Chamber of Commerce" by Angelo Oliveri, '43.  
"Lady Gojiva" ..... by Angelo Oliveri, '43

## Additional Numbers

"When Love Passes You By"; "Scheming Senorita";  
"Dancing on the Moon"; "Pledge to America"—by Stanley Fredriksen, '35.

## Directors

General Director, Percy Ramsay, '15

Dances Created and Directed by Lalla Bauman (Class of '33)

Singing Chorus Directed by Stanley Fredriksen, '35

Orchestra Directed by Norman Falkenhainer (Class of '28)

Orchestrations and Choral Arrangements by Stanley Fredriksen, '35

## THE CAST

(In order of their appearance)

Drum Major ..... Bill Guest, '44  
Pepe ..... Harold Thomas, '44  
Jose ..... Angelo Oliveri, '43  
Chile con Carne ..... Bill Nebe, '42  
The Officer ..... Joe Hogan, '44  
Biff Brown ..... Ed Evans, '42  
Ambasador Gravytrane ..... Kendall Capps, '44  
Lady Tourist ..... May Ruester, '42  
Sally Shaw ..... Gladys Watkins, '42  
Tertulio Raverino ..... Bob Huette, '44  
Spike Finnegan ..... Harry Cheshire, '42  
Martha Butterworth ..... Lynette Tooley, '43  
Conchita ..... Mary Kay Wood, '44  
Mrs. Gravytrane ..... Patricia Mansfield, '42  
Horatio ..... Larry Lynn, '42  
Delivery Boy ..... Tom Gonterman, '45

Singing Chorus—Girls: Estelle Bachmann, '43; Lillian Barron, '43; Mary Lou Burris, '43; Lourell Campbell, '45; Grace Dee, '44; Dorothy Drewes, '43; Sylvia Extein, '45; Mary Beth Greene, '43; Mary O. Lewis, '44; Harriet Lloyd, '43; Mary Garland Maack, '43; Anne Netherland, '43; Mary Jane Park, '45; Virginia Powers, '44; Jean Raith, '44; Peggy Rider, '45; May Ruester, '42; Betty Ruthven, '42; Elsie Schoenthaler, '42; Betty Sprague, '44; Dorothy Tracey, '42; Pat Wolf, '44.

Boys: Harold Clark, '45; Gerald Devereux, '42; Charles Duke, '43; Robert Gates, '44; Tom Gonterman, '45; Joe Hogan, '44; Bill Hutton, '45; Kraemer Kleinschmidt, '45; Robert Kraus, '45; Robert Lee, '44; Warren Metelman, '42; John Ramsey, '43; William Rider, '44; Reid Ross, '44; Arthur Schmidt, '44; Gary Wood, '43; William Wood, '45; Gerald Yaeger, '45.

Dancing Chorus—Girls: Mary Liz Banks, '44; Lucille Cartier, '44; Betty Jo Conzelman, '45; Florence Dooley, '42; Jean Haumeuller, '45; Dean Maize, '42; Gladys McDonald, '44; Betty Moline, '42; Betty Polk, '45; Dottie Scheu, '43; Nadine Wendele, '44; Mary Jo Zuccherio, '45.

Boys: Carleton Bruns, '45; Harold Jolley, '43; Charles Mattes, '42; Melvin Moehle, '44; Norman Nagel, '44; Martin Schneider, '43; Milton Warren, '42;

Orchestra: Herbert Brinton, '44; Bernard Eder, '45; Gordon Gilbert, '44; Sid Goldstein, '42; Ted Horowitz, '42; Kenneth Hundelt, '44; George Johnson, '45; Elmer Kaegel, '44; Harry Lazarus, '45; Alan Mehler, '42; John Meredith, '45; Murry Mintz, '43; Paul Roth, '44; Allan Siegel, '43; Bernard Zeid, '45.

## THE PLAY

Time: The Present.

Act I—In Magonga, on the western coast of South America.

Act II, Scene 1—The promenade deck of a luxurious cruiser.

Scene 2—In Magonga, on the western coast of South America.



## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT I

1. Overture ..... The Orchestra
2. "Gallantry for Gobs" ..... Male Singing Chorus
3. "Gallantry for Gobs" ..... Mr. Evans; Singing Chorus
4. "Since You Came My Way", Mr. Evans; Miss Watkins
5. "Dos Aguardientes" ..... Mr. Capps
6. "Cape Dance" ..... Dancing Chorus
7. "Scheming Senorita" ..... Miss Wood; Singing Chorus
8. "When Love Passes You By" ..... Miss Tooley
9. Finale ..... Ensemble

### ACT II

10. Entre Act ..... The Orchestra

#### Scene 1

11. "In Magonga They Conga" Singing Chorus; Dancing  
Dancing Chorus.
12. "Concentratin' on You" ..... Miss Tooley; Mr. Cheshire
13. "Officer's Song" ..... Mr. Cheshire; Ensemble
14. "From Frisco to Pearl Harbor" Mr. Evans; Mr.  
Cheshire; Male Singing Chorus.
15. Entre Act ..... The Orchestra

#### Scene 2

16. "Beauties du Valse" Misses Cartier, Zuccherro, Hau-  
mueller; Messrs. Bruns, Jolley, Nagel, Warren,  
and Dancing Chorus.
17. "Dancing on the Moon" Mr. Huette, Miss Haumueller  
Mr. Capps.
18. "The Triple Threat Chamber of Commerce" Mr.  
Nebe, Mr. Oliveri, Mr. Thomas.
19. "Lady Gojiva" ..... Miss Watkins; Ensemble
20. Finale  
"Pledge to America" Miss Mansfield and

Entire Ensemble.

Costumes for the following numbers are by Til-Del  
Costumers: "In Magonga They Conga," "Cape  
Dance," men's colonial dress in "Beautes du Valse",  
and Miss Haumueller's in "Dancing on the Moon."  
Also Mr. Capps treader suit and the dress of  
Messrs. Nebe, Oliveri, and Thomas.

Costumes for the girls' dancing chorus in "Gallantry for  
Gobs" are by Miss Anna Conrad.

Costumes for the girls' dancing chorus in "Beautes du  
Valse" are by Mrs. Fred Wein.

The sailor suits are through the courtesy of the United  
States Naval Reserve.

Mr. Hogan's officer's uniform, the sailor's ties and the  
ship's equipment are through the courtesy of the St.  
Louis Sea Scouts.

## THE GOVERNING BOARD

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Ceylon Lewis, '42                              | President                        |
| Robert Brereton, '42                           | Vice-President                   |
| Dorismae Hacker, '44                           | Secretary in Charge of Personnel |
| John Schmidt, '42                              | In Charge of Trips               |
| Clark Garrison, Jr., '43                       | In Charge of Business            |
| June Stumpe, '43; Al Margolin, '42             | In Charge of<br>Publicity        |
| Harold Rapp, '42                               | In Charge of Production          |
| William H. Barnes, '43; Martha Jane Clark, '42 | In Charge of Promotion           |
| Fred J. Giessow, '42                           | In Charge of Tickets             |
| Marjorie Kammerer, '42                         | In Charge of Costumes            |
| Robert Rumer, '42                              | In Charge of Staging             |
| Betty Moline, '42                              | In Charge of Music               |
| Dana O. Jensen, '26                            | Faculty Adviser                  |

### Junior Member

James W. Owen, '44 ..... Ass't. Production Manager  
Production Staff: Harold Clark, '45; William Rider, '44;  
Jordan Singleton, '43.

Stage Crew: Drennan Bailey, '44; Bob Baker, '45; Paul  
Brackman, '44; Jack Cook, '45; Dimple Dunford,  
'43; Bob Fischer, '42; Harold Gilbert, '44; Rosalie  
Kincaid, '44; William Kincaid, '42; Dorothy  
Schneider, '42; Bernice Zeigler, '44.

Light Technician ..... Robert Bassett, '42

Sound Technician ..... Stanley Kaisel, '43

Light and Sound Staff: Ted Bashkow, '43; John Coombs,  
'42; Jack Hanpeter, '43; Richard Moore, '43; Larry  
Verbarg, '42.

Make-up Manager ..... Ruth Finke, '40

Make-up Staff: Elizabeth Boles, '44; Dorismae Hacker,  
'42; Helen Megel, '44; Roma Milder, '45; Peggy  
Schwankhaus, '45; Jane Shurig, '43; Jeanette  
Weiner, '41; Peggy Wood, '42.

Music Staff: Audrey Jordan, '42; Jane Lange, '44; Mar-  
tha Maize, '45; Virginia Pease, '43; Jean Raith, '44.

Accompanists:

For the Principals ..... Roma Milder, '45

For Dancing Chorus ..... Audrey Elder

Property Manager ..... Frances Royse, '44

Property Staff: Miriam Aldrich, '44; Marjorie Campen,  
'43; Marjorie Gravely, '44.

Prompter ..... Jordan Singleton, '43

Campus Publicity: Winifred Bryan, '43; Jerry Forrestal,  
'43; Wilbur Gonterman, '44; Dottie Scheu, '43;  
Betty Stevens, '42.

General Publicity: Albert Becker, '44; W. Murch Jolley,  
'42; Margy Scallet, '45; Arline Tiemann, '44; Dor-  
othy Welhoelter, '44; Jack White, '42; Minnette  
Zerman, '45.

Business Staff: George Beckman, '42; Rex Carruthers,  
'44; Jack Flint, '43; Charles W. Harrison, '45; Joseph  
E. Hunt, '44; Virginia Kammerer, '44; Robert Moehle,  
'42; Charles Nicolai, '43; Greg Reinhart, '43; Nancy  
Roeder, '42.

Promotion Staff: Leonard Barad, '43; Lou Ellen Barr,  
'44; Mary Jane Bartlett, '44; Morton Bearman, '43;  
Mary K. Clark, '43; Janet Dixon, '45; Eloise Engle,  
'43; Mary Beth Greene, '43; Virginia Kammerer, '44;  
Mary Garland Maack, '43; Dean Maize, '42; Patricia  
Mansfield, '42; Jimmie Otto, '43; Anne Purnell, '43;  
Jean Raith, '44; Karl Roberts, '42; Jane Trampe,  
'44; Pat Wolf, '44.

Costumes: Sid Adams, '44; Jane Boniface, '44; Jean  
Bradshaw, '43; Dorothy Frier, '43; Bette Knodel,  
'43; Hugh Moore, '45; Margaret Stewart, '42; Naomi  
Zwilling, '43.

Head Usher ..... Eunice Haddaway, '43

Ushering Staff: Mary Jane Crump, '43; Betty Lou Cus-  
ter, '45; Patty Dunbar, '44; Rosalind Fullgraf, '43;  
Gloria Gafe, '45; Betty Hopkins, '42; Tish Kinealy,  
'44; Ruth Lambert, '44; Patricia May, '43; Beverly  
McCloud, '45; Libby Moore, '45; Alice Murphy, '45;  
Mary Ann Neher, '45; Louise Netzhammer, '43;  
Shirley Pemberton, '45; Joan Rozier, '45; Janet  
Sapper, '43; Marilyn Schowengerdt, '42; Jane Semple,  
'43; Nancy Shaffer, '45; Mona Shuttleworth, '45;  
Laurian Taylor, '43.

The Quad Club gratefully acknowledges the help of  
the following Alumni, chairmen of the many groups who  
have assisted it so materially in promoting this year's  
show:

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Mr. Wallace Acton, '43  | Mrs. A. C. Maack, '17    |
| Mr. Walter Bode, '17    | Miss Edith Marsalek, '41 |
| Mr. Harry Coopland      | Mr. Gene Pennington, '41 |
| Mrs. Ronald Foulis, '26 | Mrs. James Rowan, '41    |
| Miss Gladys Hecker, '38 | Mrs. Robert Smith, '39   |
| Mr. Gale Hendersno      | Mr. Carl Weber, '30      |
| Mr. Webb Kammerer, '16  |                          |



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